

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper corne, a brewers horse, the inside of a Church. Company, villanous company hath beene the spoyle of mee.

*Bar.* Sir Iohn, you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long.

*Fal.* Why there is it, come, sing mee a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously giuen, as a Gentleman need to bee, vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not aboue seuen times a weeke, went to Bawdy house not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, lined well, and in good compasse, and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse.

*Bar.* Why, you are so farte, Sir Iohn, that you must needs be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, Sir Iohn.

*Fal.* Doe thou amend thy face, & Ile amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee, thou art the King of the burning lampe.

*Bar.* Why, Sir Iohn, my face does you no harmee.

*Fal.* No, Ile bee sworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and *Dines* that lined in Purple: for there hee is in his Robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would swear by thy face: my oath should be, *By this fire, that's Gods Angel*: But thou art altogether giuen ouer; & wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of vtter darknesse. When thou runst vp *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire, there's no purchase in Mony. O thou art a perpetual Triumph, and euermore Bone-fire-light, thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Tauerne & Tauerne: but the Sacke that thou hast drunke mee, would haue bought mee Lights as good cheape, of the dearest Chandelers in *Europ*. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, anytime this two and thirtie yeeres: God reward me for it.

*Bar.* Z'ould, I would my face were in your belly.

*Fal.* God amercy, so should I be heart-burned.

How

How now, dame Partlet the Hen, yet who pickt my pocket?

*Hof.* Why Sir Iohn, what do you t I keepe theeues in my house? I haue haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, the tigh of a haire was neuer lost in

*Fal.* Ye lie, Hostesse, Bardoll was f and Ile be sworne my pocket was p man, goe.

*Hof.* Who I? I defie thee: Gods mine owne house before.

*Fal.* Goe to, I know you well eno

*Hof.* No, Sir Iohn, you doe not kno Sir Iohn, you owe me money. Sir quarrell to beguile me of it: I bou to your backe.

*Fal.* Doulas, filth by Doulas: I haue wiues, they haue made boulders of

*Hof.* Now as I am a true woman, owe money here besides, Sir Iohn, f ings, and mony lent you, xxiiij. pou

*Fal.* He had his part of it, let him

*Hof.* He? alas, he is poore, he hath

*Fal.* How I poore? looke vpon him let them coine his Nose, let them co a denyer: what, will you make a you mine case in mine Inne but I shall ha lost a scale Ring of my Grandfathers

*Hof.* O Iesu, I haue heard the Prince of, that that Ring was Copper.

*Fal.* How? the Prince is a lacke, a were here, I would cudgell him like

*Enter the Prince marching, and* playing on his Trunch

*Fal.* How now Lad, is the wind Must we all march?

*Bar.* Year two and two, Newgate

*Hof.* My Lord, I pray you heare

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